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THE PHOENIX, SEPULCHRE & CRADLE, IN THE HOLY DEATH OF THE Right Honourable *Isabella*, *Theresa*, *Lucy*; Marchioness of WINCHESTER.

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A SERMON

UPON

The Death of the Right Honourable *Isabella, Teresa, Lucy,* Marchioness of *Winchester.*

JOB XXIX. xviij.

In Nidulo meo moriar, & sicut Palma multiplicabo Dies

I will die in my little Nest, and I will multiply my Days as the Palm-Tree; or the *Phœnix*; as some translate it, both from the *Hebrew*, חול and the *Greek*, Φοῖνιξ.

PREFACE.

STrange Expression! Illustrious Lords and Ladies; [illegible]od wherein *Job* joyns Death with Life, the Cradle [illegible] with the Sepulchre, and Dust with Immortality; to teach us, That as the *Palm-Tree* lives again in its Branches, and the *Phœnix* is born again of her Ashes; so shall the Just arise again from Death, and multiply

their Days as the *Sand* of the Sea: *In Nidulo moriar, & ſicut Palma multiplicabo Dies.* I made choice of this Noble Expreſſion, to allay, in ſome ſort, the Sorrow which I perceive in your Countenances, for the common Loſs of the Right Noble Lady, *Iſabella, Thereſa, Lucy Stafford,* Dowager to the moſt Noble *John,* Marquis of *Wincheſter.*

But, as Painting is never more at a Loſs, than when it goes about to repreſent the Sun; for, though the Works of Painting out-do thoſe of Nature, and that with the delightful mixture of Colours, it repreſents the Enamel of the Meadows, and the Beauty of the Fields, all its Art ſeems to fail, when it goes about to expreſs the leaſt Beam of that glorious Planet. Eloquence, in like manner never ſhews it ſelf more deficient, than when it attempts to ſet forth the ſhining Vertues which Crown the Juſt.

None then, I hope will wonder, if I make Uſe of the Compariſon of the *Phœnix,* to give a general Notion of the holy Departure out of this Life of the Illuſtrious *Iſabella.* This heavenly Bird, that never toucheth the Earth, (ſuch love it hath for Heaven,) is a perfect Repreſentation of the Change which the Reſurrection ſhall cauſe in our Bodies: For, according both to Sacred and Prophane Writers, ſhe builds to her ſelf a Sepulchre or Cradle, ſince ſhe dies therein, and is there born again. *Tumulum mortui, vel Incunabulum reſurgentis dixeris;* Ambr. *Lib.* V. Hexam 23. *De Fide Reſurrectionis.* Then ſetting Fire to this Funeral Pile, made up all of

of Aromatick Wood, ſhe burns her ſelf in the Flames, and is born out of her own Aſhes, and riſeth again; and recovering new Vigour, ſoars as formerly, in the Plains of the Air, (an unparallell'd Object of Admiration,) with the Oars of her Wings.

Behold an Emblem of what happened to our Noble *Iſabella*: She died in a Sepulchre of Incenſe and Myrrhe; that is, of Love and Pain; and born again of this Cradle, ſhe, with the *Phœnix*, re-aſſumes a new Life; *In Nidulo meo moriar, & ſicut Palma multiplicabo dies.* O happy Death! But, O more happy Reſurrection! O wondetful Metamorphoſis! O divine Transformation, which makes this moſt Chriſtian Lady die to old *Adam*, and die to her ſelf, that ſhe may live to Chriſt, and ſay with the Apoſtle, *I live, not I; but Chriſt liveth in me*, Gal. 2. 20.

The *Diviſion.*

But give me leave to break off from this Compariſon of the *Phœnix*, to come directly to the Two Chriſtian Virtues which make up the proper Character of our Noble *Marchioneſs*, provided I can but Pencil them out.

1. *Her profound Humility in her Greatneſs.*
2. *Her heroick Conſtancy in her Afflictions.*

But, as we cannot ſee the Sun without Light, neither can we view the ſhining Vertues of the Juſt without the Light of Grace; which that we may more effectually obtain,

obtain, let us interpoſe the Interceſſion of that Bleſſed Virgin who was filled therewith, when the Angel ſaid to her, *Ave Maria.*

PART I.

Her profound Humility in her Greatneſs.

GReatneſs is the Proper and true Character of God, and is ſo natural to him, that even in humbling himſelf, he cannot diveſt himſelf thereof. He is ſo great, that he neither can have a Companion, nor Equal, as earthly Princes, who ſhare their Power and Greatneſs with their Children, or their Favourites: Wherefore, when the Prophet would praiſe him, he is contented to ſay, *Our Lord is great, and his Greatneſs has no Bound!*, Pſal. 144. 3. And in this, the Great Ones of the Land are the Noble Repreſentations of God.

The right Honourable and moſt Noble Lady, *Iſabella*, the Marchioneſs of *Wincheſter*, was *Great* in all the Conditions of her Life. Firſt, She was *Great* in her Birth, as being born of Two the moſt Illuſtrious Families of *Great Britain*: For, She being Daughter to the right Honourable *William*, Viſcount *Strafford*, lineally deſcended from the Great, Noble, and large-ſpreading Family of the *Howards*, and conſequently of the High and Mighty Princes, the Dukes of *Norfolk*, Earls of *Surrey*, thoſe Lords High Admirals and Marſhals of *England*, the Conquerors and Thunderers of *Scotland*.

Great

Great ſhe was alſo by her Mother's Side: For, being Daughter to the right Honourable *Mary*, Baroneſs by Deſcent, ſole Heir and Counteſs of *Stafford*, ſhe is again lineally deſcended from the right Ancient, moſt Noble, Wealthy, and ever Pious Family of the *Staffords*, flouriſhing formerly in the higheſt Rank and Degrees of Honour in this Nation; and whereof *Robert Stafford*, Baron of *Stafford*, was Lord High Steward of the Houſhold to King *Edward the Confeſſor*. This *Robert*'s Poſterity grew up yet more Illuſtrious, not only by being ingrafted into the Houſe of *Lancaſter*, and into that of the Famous *Godfrey* of *Bullen*; but alſo by a long Succeſſion of Signal Heroes, both in the Church and State; ſuch as *Ralph*, the firſt and renowned Earl of *Stafford*, with his Glorious Poſterity, the *Henries*, Dukes of *Buckingham*, whom we may ſtile, *The Maker of Kings*. And from ſuch a bright Conſtellation of Souldiers, Stateſmen, Earls, Dukes, Admirals, High Chancellors, Arch-Biſhops, and High-Conſtables of *England*, is lineally deſcended the High-born *Iſabella*, *Thereſa*, *Lucy Stafford*, the Mournful Object of our preſent Grief.

Great ſhe was again, by her noble and holy Marriage; being ingrafted into the Ancient and Noble Family of the *Paulets*, and eſpouſed to the right Noble *John*, Marquis of *Wincheſter*, and firſt Marquis of *England*. Now Marriage being a communication of all Rights both Humane and Divine, Wives are in the ſame degree of Honour and Greatneſs as their Husbands; ſo that ſhe

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was the first Marchioness of *England.* For 'tis a constant Maxim in the Law, *Uxores corruscant Radiis Maritorum.*

Great she was also in her Personal Perfections, both of Body and Mind. *Great* for her *Beauty*, hereditary in the Two Illustrious Families of the *Staffords* and *Howards*, till her Piety found ways to impair it by *Penance* and *Mortification. Great* in her Wit; which was sharp, quick, solid, and capable of managing the greatest Affairs; as it was soon perceived by all that had the Honour to converse with her. Nor was this Divine Spark of her Soul ever guilty of those Two common Errors, incident to most witty Persons; namely, to censure the most innocent Actions, or to ridicule the gravest things; but it only serv'd either to make her Conversation chearful, easie, and obliging; or to cover and excuse the Imperfections of others.

All this *Greatness* crowded up in the Breast of our Noble *Isabella*, was a great Temptation to Vanity: For, the most dangerous Tentation which the Devil presents to just Souls, is, that when they have overcome sensual Delights, and spurned Riches, his last Assault to undo them, is Vanity. 'Twas by this Artifice that he triumphed over the Sanctity of *Adam*, in seducing him by the proposal of impossible Greatness: *Ye shall be as Gods*, Gen. 3. 5.

One would have thought he might also have overcome our *Marchioness* by this Attempt, and have puffed her up with Pride, in the consideration of her *Great-*

ness.

neſs. For, next to Crowned Heads, nothing is greater in *England*, than the Nobility; and 'tis not to flatter them, when we ſay, That *they are, in a manner only one Degree lower than the King or Queen*: And I may ſafely add, That amongſt all the Nobility of *Europe*, none enjoy more valuable Prerogatives, than the Nobility of *England*; and that amongſt our Nobility ſcarce any have been more Illuſtrious: I am ſure, few or none of more ancient Origin, than the Noble Family of the *Staffords*.

Nevertheleſs, all this Greatneſs hindred her not from being one of the humbleſt of the Nobility, and an excellent Example to all her Sex: For, never had Perſon of Honour more eſteem for Humility, than the Series of her Actions ſpake her to have. Nay, her whole Life ſeems to have been ſpent in the exerciſe of this ſo ſingular a Vertue. And firſt, ſhe was humble in her *Attire*; always appearing in a Dreſs ſo plain, that her very Cloathing was a Condemnation of the vain Oſtentation which moſt Women place in their Apparel.

Garments are the Reproaches of our Sin, as well as Remedies againſt Shame and Pain. Whilſt Man was innocent, he had no other Cloathing, but Original Juſtice; and as it was able to reſiſt all ſort of Weather, it fenced him as well againſt Cold, as Heat; but when he loſt Innocence, he was aſhamed of himſelf, and not being able to bear the Rebellion of his Body againſt the Mind, he was forced to cloath himſelf, not to behold, ſaith St. *Auſtin*, an impudent Novelty, which was the juſt puniſhment of his Rebellion.

That War which Creatures wage againſt Man, to revenge their Creator, gave him likewiſe new occaſion to cloath himſelf: For as the Elements diſorder themſelves, to puniſh him, and the Seaſons become intolerable, by the exceſs either of Heat or Cold, he was forc'd to have recourſe to Garments, as Remedies to the violence of theſe two intollerable Evils. Nevertheleſs, as if we had forgot, that the Uſe of Cloathing is a Puniſhment of our Sin, we turn it into an Ornament; we make our Cloaths inſtrumental to our Pride, and, as it were, to inſult over Divine Juſtice, we make up thereof our moſt ſubtle Vanity.

The Nobility and Gentry enhaunce therewith the Pomp of their Greatneſs; they diſtinguiſh themſelves from the *Commons*, by the Laviſhneſs of their Cloathing; they reſerve to themſelves Scarlet, Furrs, and Coronets, as infallible Marks of Nobility, and in great Ceremonies they endeavour to raiſe admiration and reſpect in the Minds of the People, by the Pearls and Diamonds which cover their Robes: But our humble *Marchioneſs*, who had learn'd from Chriſtian Religion, that Cloathing is but a Supply of loſt Innocence, never put on, but what was mean, thereby to honour the Divine Juſtice: She choſe plain Stuffs, inſtead of rich Silks; being more concern'd to appear like a *Penitent* in the ſight of God, than like a *Peereſs* in the eyes of Men.

As ſhe was humble in her *Cloathing*, ſo ſhe was no leſs in her *Actions*; ſince the chief Employment of this great Lady was, either to converſe with Perſons of Piety, for

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the improvement of her Soul; or with the poor and meaner Condition, for the relief of their Need. Though the Poor are the moſt holy Repreſentations of Chriſt's Perſon; yet they have ſomething that alienates the Mind, and which mortifies our Vanity. Chriſt indeed excites an awful Reverence in us in his other Types and Figures: And, as he has ſtamped upon them his Power or Glory, they have Charms, that make us either reverence or love them. Thus, there are few Chriſtians, who honour not Chriſt in his chief Miniſters, and, who remembring theſe Words, *He that deſpiſeth you, deſpiſeth me*, Luke 10. 16. fear not, leſt the Diſrepect they ſhew to *Prieſts*, may reflect upon him, who ordain'd them to be in the Church.

But notwithſtanding all the Care Religion takes, to perſuade us, that Chriſt lives in the Poor, that he accounts done to himſelf the Service done to them; we find great difficulty to overcome that natural Abhorrence we have for their Condition. We cannot abide them near us; their Prayers are troubleſome, alas, to us! And that Poverty, which overwhelms them, inſtead of raiſing Pity, breeds in us either Hatred or Contempt. We muſt call in Faith to our aſſiſtance, to overcome that averſneſs; and no little Struggle have we with our proud Thoughts, to perſuade our ſelves, that Chriſt full of Glory, is hid in the Perſon of theſe Wretches.

But our humble *Iſabella*, who judged not of Things by Appearances, who followed not the Suggeſtions of Nature, but thoſe of Grace, and who complied more

with the Rules of the Goſpel, than with thoſe of the World, often convers'd with the Poor; ſhe adored Chriſt in thoſe ſlighted Members; ſhe penetrated with the Light of Faith, through the Meanneſs of their Condition, through the humility of their Cloaths, and under theſe Clouds did ſhe contractedly ſee the Brightneſs and Majeſty of Chriſt glorious.

3. But our Chriſtian *Phœnix*'s Humility was not confined only to the Practice of her Life; but Triumphed alſo after her Death. She was not content to converſe with the Poor whilſt living; but would alſo rank her ſelf with them, when dead: For, the ſtrict Order and Direction ſhe gave for her Burial, was, to be laid in the Church-Yard, which is the common *Dormitory* of the meaneſt Perſons. And that ſhe might not be diſtinguiſhed in any kind from them, ſhe forbid any Monument to be erected, or Stone to be laid on her Grave. She knew that Monuments are Marks of Honour, and that the Intent of them, is to proclaim it to the World, after that we have left to be a part of it. Hence it is, that Perſons of Quality are ſo curious to purchaſe this Honour after their Death, and to rear up ſtately Tombs, to ſerve, as Scripture ſays, for everlaſting Abodes to their Aſhes. *Sepulchra eorum, Domus eorum in æternum*, Pſal. 48. 12.

But Experience and Religion taught our Illuſtrious *Marchioneſs*, That *Burial* is the laſt State of Chriſtian Penance; That Tombs are the *Chambers of Forgetfulneſs*; as Scripture ſtiles them, *Terra Oblivionis*, Pſal. 87.

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And accordingly they ſteal out of remembrance thoſe they cover, and draw a black Line over the Glory of Mortal Men. For Death having ſpoil'd them of their Life, takes ſtill delight to plunder their Reputation. She then being truly dead to the World, *tanquam mortuus a corde*, Pſal. 30. held, That, as a *Chriſtian* is intombed, ſo ought he alſo to be forgotten.

Holy Soul! You ſerv'd a King who is too juſt to let your Humility paſs unrewarded. And ſince you are ſo ingenious, to conceal your ſelf from the Eyes of Men, God will take care to make you known to Angels. Since you withſtood the Allurements of wordly Greatneſs and Honour, he will ſtamp upon you true heavenly Glory. And, ſince you reconciled Greatneſs with Humility, the lower you humbled your ſelf, the higher you ſhall be exalted.

This firſt Victory, *Chriſtians*, is a Pledge of the ſecond ſhe ſhall win: For, we cannot doubt, that the Right Honourable *Iſabella* of *Wincheſter*, who was humble in Greatneſs, will be conſtant alſo in Afflictions: That if it, which I am to ſhew you in my next, and laſt Part.

PART

PART II.

Her Conſtancy in Afflictions.

THough all Vertues have their Attractives to Good, and ſufficient Charms to make them appear amiable even to thoſe that practiſe them not: Yet *Conſtancy*, or *Fortitude*, like *Saul* among the People, appears ſuper-eminently graceful. Juſtice indeed is cried up, even by its Perſecutors; Prudence is adored by Politicians; and Temperance is admired by all Men: But, all theſe Vertues hide their Heads, when *Conſtancy* diſplays its Beauties: Theſe Stars vaniſh when this Sun appears; and People ceaſe from looking upon Juſtice in Princes, Prudence in Politicians, and Temperance in Philoſophers, when they conſider the Courage of a Perſon unfortunate, yet innocent.

If we will believe the Philoſopher *Seneca*, there's nothing on Earth more worthy of God's looking on, than a Perſon who withſtands Sorrow and Misfortune: *Ecce Spectaculum dignum! ad quod reſpiciat intentus operi ſuo Deus.* Sen. *de Prov.* cap. 2. God deſpiſeth all that Glory which dazels our Eyes; he looks upon the Magnificence of our Palaces, but as the Spoils of Quarries and Foreſts; he looks upon the *Pyramids*, which add to the wonders of the World, but as Marks at which his Thunderbolts are often levell'd. And thoſe great Armies, which make whole Provinces groan, either by reaſon of their Num-

PART

Numbers, or Diſorders, he looks upon theſe great Bodies, I ſay, as Swarms of Bees, that decide their Quarrels by fighting.

But God delights to look upon a noble-minded Soul, that grapples with Sorrow, who beholds her Father born away in the manner, as 'tis known to all, without any agitation of Mind, and, who in the loſs of Honour, Life and Liberty, preſerves ſtill her Courage undaunted. This is a Spectacle that raviſheth the very Eyes of God, that makes the Angels to emulate her Glory; This is an Act of Conſtancy not to be laureated on Earth; all under Heaven is too ſmall a Reward.

This, *Chriſtians*, is the true Character of our Spiritual *Phœnix*, *Iſabella* of *Wincheſter*, who in one Circumſtance, methinks paſſeth even the Conſtancy of *Job*. For, her Noble Family, in loſing their Fathers Life and Goods, forfeited alſo their Honour. What Hardſhip, what Shame! I appeal to you, Lords and Ladies, for a Perſon deſcended for ſo many Ages, from a long and glorious Succeſſion of *Heroes*, to loſe in a moment the Flower and Glory of her Family? To be debarr'd the Entry of the Houſe of Lords, and to be baniſhed from the Nobleſt Company in the World! This Puniſhment of the Loſs of Honour, was held ſo ſharp, that it perverted great Number of the *Primitive Chriſtians*, ſaith *Tertullian*, who yielded ſooner to Shame, and Loſs of Honour, than to Pain, or Loſs of Life; *ante Pudori, quam Dolori ceſſimus*, Tertul. *de Scorp.*

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Nevertheleſs, our Heroick Lady, drawing ſtrength from her Misfortune, bleſs'd, like holy *Job*, God's Juſtice, who tried her; his Providence, which exercis'd her; and his Mercy, which ſanctified her: She ſaid with *Job*, *Our Lord gave it, our Lord hath taken it away*, Job 1. 21. And ſhe behaved her ſelf in that Misfortune with ſo much Conſtancy, Reſignation, and Patience, that we may ſafely ſay of her, what Scripture ſaid of him, *In all this* Iſabella *ſinned not in her Lips*, Job 1. 22.

2. But as ſhe gave ſignal Proofs of her Conſtancy, in the Loſs of her Noble Father; ſo ſhe gave no leſs Marks of her generous Mind, in all her languiſhing *Sickneſs*,

If we may judge of a Thing by its contrary, we muſt acknowledge, That of all Natural Goods, there's none more ſweet nor dear, than *Health*: 'Tis a Harmony of the Elements and Humors; 'tis a Repreſentation of Peace; 'tis a Pledge of future Bliſs: And, to declare it in a Word, with St. *Bernard*, 'tis a Benefit that comprehends all the Goods of the Body. *Omnia Bona Corporis Sanitas*; Bern. Serm. *De triplici genere Bonorum*, Therefore, the Juſt, who make a Preſent to God of their Health, and who reſtore it to him, when required, ſhew no ſmall Mark, either of *Humility*, or *Conſtancy*, That was the laſt Trial of *Job's* Patience: And when the Devil had raviſhed away both his Goods and Children, he queſtioned not to triumph over his Patience, by depriving him of his Health.

Pain

Pain then and Sickneſs was the Trial of our humble *Iſabella*. An *Hectick Feaver*, by its ſecret Burnings, kindled a Fire in her Breaſt, with all the Indiſpoſitions that attend that Diſtemper; for, the Fire which burnt her, conſum'd her. But, though Fire is of a quick Nature; yet do not you think, *Illuſtrious Auditors*, that it ſoon conſumed her, or that her Sufferings were but ſhort, nor that the ſame Month, ſaw either the beginning, or the end thereof? No, her Sufferings laſted almoſt Three Years, whilſt the end of one Pain was the beginning of another, according to the *Tragedian*'s Expreſſion; *Finis alterius Mali, gradus eſt futuri.* Diſeaſes ſeem'd to agree together, to exerciſe the Patience of her Soul, and contrary to the Laws of Nature, ſet all together upon that innocent Patient.

Divine Saviour of *Iſabella*, why didſt thou abandon her to ſuch a lingring Pain? Why didſt thou not ſuccour her, who did ſo often ſuccour thee, in the Perſon of the Poor? Why didſt not thou ſtrengthen thoſe Hands which have been ſo fruitful in good Works? Why didſt thou not relieve that oppreſſed Breaſt which was ſo tender to the Miſeries of others? Why didſt thou not refreſh that parched Mouth, which hath ſo often bleſſed thy holy Name? Finally, Why didſt not thou give Breath to thoſe ſhrivell'd Lungs, that always panted and breathed after thee?

O Christians! God knows how to treat his Friends most to their Advantage. And therefore our heavenly instructed *Phœnix*, left to God the Care of her Life, knowing well, that Sickness is the Daughter of Sin, and Mother of Death. Valuing then more God's Glory, than her own Interest, she found Content in her Pain; She knew that God's Justice is satisfied by our Sicknesses, that his Power appears in our Infirmities; that his Mercy is seen in our Recoveries. Besides, Sickness doth wean us from the Earth, and (bereaving us of the Use of Pleasure,) prepares us for a holy Death; which was welcome to our courageous *Heroine*, even under any shape whatsoever, under the most horrid Forms, whether shameful, cruel, or lingring.

3. Hence, Though Death is as frightful as unavoidable, yet this most *Christian Lady* esteemed Death rather a Favour, than a Punishment. And though this may seem a strange Paradox to those that have their Hearts wholly wedded to this Life; yet is it a Maxim approved of by Christians, and embraced by all that are of the Faithful. If Death is frightful, because 'tis the punishment of Sin, 'tis also pleasing to good Souls, because it is now the Child of the Cross. Death has changed Nature, since it was consecrated in the Person of Christ, who overcame that Monster by dying, defeated it with the Cross, and triumphed over it, when Death seemed to triumph over him: *Mortuus ille, Mortis Interfector*, saith St. *Austin*.

Death

Death has now forgot those dreadful Names, which caused Terror to assume those pleasing ones of *Sleep*, from which we shall awake refreshed; of *Passage* to eternal Bliss; of *Sacrifice*, which God requires of us, adds St. *Austin*, and whereby his Justice is appeased, *Mors quæ in Lege Naturæ erat Pœna Peccati facta est in Lege Gratiæ* HOSTIA *pro Peccato*. So that what was formerly a Torment, is now become a Favour; and what was formerly the Cause of our Fear, is now become the Subject of our Hope. No wonder then, if our Pious Lady, who knew these Truths, was free from the Fear of Death. Nay, looking upon Death as rather the end of her Sins, than of her Life, she had Courage enough, even to desire it.

If there is any occasion, where Christians have the Advantage over Prophane Philosophers, 'tis chiefly in that which concerns Death. For, not only they fear it not, but they even desire it: One would think, that the same Vertue which makes them faithful, makes them courageous. Wherefore *Tertullian*, defining what Christians are, says, 'Tis a sort of Men distinct from all others, by their readiness to die; *Genus Hominum Morti expeditum. Tert. in Apolog.* Never more content than when nearer their Death: They have always this Thought imprinted in their Minds, and this Desire engraved in their Hearts. Maids, adds St. *Ambrose*, who are naturally timorous, desire Death amongst us;

and the *Theclas*, *Agnes* and *Pelagia's* ran to Martyrdom, as the others ran to a Ball, or Comedy: *Apud hos, & Puella de Mortis appetentia, usque ad Cœlum erexere Virtutum gradus, Ambr. Lib. 2. Ep. 7.*

Our incomparable *Marchioness* was of the same Mind. Her Love for Christ, caused in her a Desire of Death, and to leave her Body, to go and enjoy her God: And thus, as the *Phœnix*, springing out of her Ashes, she may multiply her Days, and never see the End of her Happiness. *Sicut* Phœnix *multiplicabo Dies.*

The Close.

SInce then this Bird of Paradise, the Illustrious *Isabella*, *Theresa*, *Lucy Stafford*, Marchioness of *Winchester*, was humble in her *Greatness*, constant in her *Afflictions*, let all Christians profit by so rare an Example: For, as a Heathen said formerly, *The Great Ones are born to give good Example*: *Magni nati sunt in Exemplum*; Vell. Paterculus. Let us learn from this Noble Lady, not only not to fear Death; but even to desire it. 'Tis but little, *Christians*, not to fear Death, since the very Philosopers overcame that Fear. We must grow familiar with this Monster, which amazeth those that never beheld it. We must learn to die whilst we live. Nay, since we are Christians, let's change our Fear into Desire, our Hatred into Love.

And

And being Heirs of God made Man, who changed the Punishment of our Crime, into a Sacrifice of Piety; lets desire what he desired; let's love what he loved; and lets give him, in dying, Marks of our Obedience: *Non terreant Crucifixi hæredes Mortis Supplicia.* Cypr. Serm. *De Cœna Domini.*

But as for you, of the Noble Family of the *Staffords*, give me leave to tell you, That you are bound not only to honour her, as a Person of Signal Piety; but also to *love* her, as your Sister and Relation; being united by the strictest Bands of Friendship in the world; because you are Children of the same right Honourable Father, and of the same Illustrious Mother; because you were bred up together in the same Family; because you are all Members of the same Body, quickned with the same Spirit, and inflamed with the same Love. And though I hope she is now among the number of Blessed Spirits; yet she that was formerly a tender Sister, slights you not now: But, as *Joseph* in his *Greatness*, still preserved Love for his Brethren, though unworthy thereof; she still retains Love for you, who so justly deserve it.

But joyn *Imitation* with your Love: For, 'tis in vain you love her, if you resemble her not. *Homage*, without *Imitation*, is injurious to those that receive it. You are more bound to imitate your Ancestors, than others

others; because, being your Domestick Patterns, their Condition takes away all Excuse; and their Actions ought rather to be your Laws, than Examples. Order then your Lives according to hers; make use of that good Example she has left you, in becoming like her, humble in your *Greatness*, and constant in your *Afflictions*; to the end, that being partakers of her Vertues on Earth, you may pretend to the Glory, which we hope she enjoys in Heaven, and like this Spiritual *Phœnix*, *multiply your Days* of Happiness, for all Eternity. *Amen.*

She Departed this Life, *Sept.* 2. 1691.

FINIS.